

Good Morning 682

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



P.O. Ron Erridge—Here's All the Party News

ON almost every fine day, a little party of children can be seen making their way from St. Swithun's School, Southsea, to Southsea Front.

We'll give Petty Officer Ronald Erridge, of 7 Grenville Road, Southsea, just one guess as to who they are, and we'll guess he won't need to look at the picture twice to guess right.

Of course, Baby Desmond (seven months) also goes along. Mrs. Erridge would hardly leave him at home when she meets Alan (eight) and Colin (five) after school.

And more often than not, cousins Phyllis (eight), Shaun (six), and Maureen (five), who are also at St. Swithun's, help to make up the party.

Southsea Beach is a very pleasant place again now, Ron, with all the restrictions removed. There are boats on the children's paddling pool, and the miniature railway at Castle Corner is again running.

And as few of the youngsters had ever seen it before VE-Day ended the war in Europe, you can imagine their excitement.

Alan has just been enrolled in the Cubs, and is very proud of himself. Colin hopes it won't be long before he is able to join

the Pack, too. He started school just after the Easter holidays, and feels just as big a man as his brother.

We can't tell you what Desmond thinks about it—he's rather a quiet little chap. But, maybe, he'll be a Cub when Colin is a Scout and Alan a Rover!

Mrs. Erridge tells us that Desmond is no trouble at all, although he has just started teething—months) also goes along. Mrs. Erridge would hardly leave him at home when she meets Alan (eight) and Colin (five) after school.

All your own people in Norfolk are quite well. Your wife hears pretty regularly from all of them—your father and mother, and Ena.

She hopes to take the children for a holiday in July to her own home in Southern Ireland, and they are all looking forward to the change, with plenty of milk and eggs to build them up.

Although, they look very fit and well now, Ron, don't you think?

"Tell him to take care of himself. We shall be glad to have him safe back home again." That's your wife's parting message, Ron, and may we add a whisper that if some time or other you have the chance of sending a "snap" of yourself home, they will love it at Grenville Road.

This is the Biggest Junk Sale in History

ONE of the biggest problems facing Britain and the U.S.A. on the termination of the war is the disposal of the huge "surplus" of war materials that will exist. They will range from millions of buttons to twenty-five million pound steel plants, from watches to war-planes. Some idea of the problem is shown by the U.S. estimate of the value of the 1,300 plants which will be surplus when hostilities cease. It is about £4,000,000,000!

IN Britain the Government has spent many hundreds of millions in building factories and plants, and nearly all will be "surplus" when the war ends. According to present decisions they will be sold or leased to private enterprise. Already, offers have been invited for a number whose programmes have had to be cut down because of the reduced demand for war materials.

The total value of the surplus war materials that will be for sale in Britain and the U.S.A. will run into many thousands of millions, and the Dominions will also have to dispose of considerable surplus goods and plants.

It will certainly be the biggest sale in history, but the sales are likely to be very carefully controlled and to extend over many years.

We learned a lesson at the end of the last war when the disorganised sale of smaller quantities caused economic chaos. The task of producing the huge quantities of materials required for a war is, in many ways, easier than the disposal of the necessarily large surpluses without causing disorganisation of normal trade and industry.

At the end of the last war, lorries were sold for as little as 30s. each, and the effect on the motor industry was harmful.

Both Britain and the U.S.A. have plans well advanced for their great sales. Last war the armistice caught both countries unprepared. The U.S., for instance, had over 10,000 Liberty air engines in stock, and they handicapped her aviation industry right up to 1930.

This time it is likely that, after a minimum of arms and munitions have been allotted to the Services, the rest will be simply scrapped. It is "money down the drain," perhaps, but we have to face the fact that

saving huge quantities of aircraft, guns and shells against a possible future war is likely to be more of a handicap than a help.

NATION'S SALEROOMS.

The metal scrap merchants will have a busy time. Some of them have started work already. In the Western Desert, where military salvage units have been rescuing everything of value for two years, tenders are now being invited for what is left. The trucks of civilian contractors will comb the sands for the wrecks of lorries, guns and aircraft. It is a sort of "lucky dip" for in the shifting sands the contractor must take a considerable gamble on what he is likely to get.

Last year the U.S.A. sold about £150,000,000 worth of surplus war materials, from obsolete aircraft to second-hand paint brushes. These were sold through the normal commercial channels, because, large as the total sounds, it is trifling compared with the total turnover of civilian goods and the huge unsatisfied demands.

None of the articles went direct to the public. They were sold to manufacturers and distributors. The same procedure is being adopted in Britain, where already small surpluses are being disposed of. Some 30,000lbs. of surplus parachute silk has been disposed of through the Surplus Textile Corporation. It is the finest silk British women have seen in the shops for years—but although surplus, it still requires four coupons a yard!

The U.S. sales of surplus "consumers' goods" fetched a sum which was 84 per cent. of the appraised value.

This is more than double the percentage obtained for surplus goods at the end of the last war—in some cases surplus articles were sold for as little as 4 per cent. of their cost.

One of the big problems will be military vehicles. More than 18,000 cars have already been reconditioned and passed to dealers to be sold at list prices. The transactions have been carefully controlled to the benefit of all—the taxpayer gets full value for what he had to buy, the cars are not sold until they are in good condition, and the dealer is prevented from profiteering.

CATCH POINT.

No doubt many people have promised themselves a Jeep after the war, especially if they have read reports from the U.S. that these most popular military vehicles may sell for as little as £10 each.

But there is a "catch" in it, even supposing the British Government allows Jeeps to be thrown on the market at this price. The tax and petrol consumption of these very powerful cars would in the first year eat up all the money you saved on your "bargain."

It is probable that the great majority of Jeeps will find their ways to farms, for which they are eminently suited. Experiments in the use of military tractors and even stripped armoured cars and light tanks in farm and land clearance work suggest that the surplus will probably be sold to work on the land.

The U.S. last year sold some £1,500,000 worth of obsolete aircraft for civilian use, ranging from cargo planes at about £25,000 each to light planes for about £200. But the normal bomber and fighter does not lend itself to civilian use, and after all valuable equipment has been stripped, the great majority will have to be sold for scrap. Transport aircraft will, no doubt, be useful to fill the gap until specially designed and more economical civilian aircraft are ready.

Prices of £25,000 and downwards, according to condition, have been quoted for surplus Dakotas, and £17,000 down for Lodestars.

Apart from huge quantities of materials of all kinds, Britain and U.S. Governments will have to dispose of many buildings, from shipyards to camps.

It will be a delicate business. In Britain, the deciding factor will not be the highest bid, but the national interest. Applicants are being asked, "What do you propose to manufacture and how many people are you likely to employ?"

Every encouragement will be given to bidders ready to start industries that would give some protection against "one-industry towns" again becoming "black areas." The disposal of the huge camps and other works on requisitioned public land is still a matter of debate in Parliament.

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

The U.S. has the special problem of how to dispose of the vast stocks, buildings and installations it has got in other countries. The suggestion has been made that it should dispose of them, lock, stock and barrel, on the spot, rather than

USELESS EUSTACE



"Come on! Put a jerk into it, old girl! I've got the 8.27 to catch!"

try to withdraw them to the U.S.A.

After the last war, all U.S. property in France, from railways to stocks and docks to hutments, was sold to the French Government for £100,000,000 in bonds.

The Japanese war will require very different equipment from that in Europe, and it hardly seems worth withdrawing surpluses. On the other hand, sales are likely to be made directly to the British, French and other Governments rather than private contractors, so that the disposal of the goods to the public can be controlled. None of it is likely to be at really "give-away" prices.

TRUTH IN ADS.

Taken from adverts:—
"The slumbering fire of BLACK PANTHER attacks a man's heart—attacks a woman's—until the two hearts merge in a flame of ecstasy. Wear this new perfume for an unforgettable evening . . . but only if you dare risk the danger and dark delight of stirring primitive emotions. At all ten-cent stores."

A Chicago billboard advertising a funeral parlour reads: "The Fifth Freedom—Freedom from High Funeral Costs."

Advertising a picture of a Marine and a girl in a torrid embrace: "A moment bright with rapture. Winged ecstasy set to shimmering music. You're whirling through space, lost . . . yet you've just found yourself for the first time! This is love, love, love. . . It's so easy with Woodbury Facial Soap."



A Picture to Warm the Heart of P.O. Jack Reed

THERE are two men missing from this picture. One of the two who sit brooding at cards is 22-year-old Thomas Reed, your youngest brother, Petty Officer Jack Reed. And if you, as the eldest brother, and 27-year-old Fred had been there, too, the photograph would have been a complete family group.

When there's no war the three so

inseparable brothers live together, play cards together, drink beer together, and do their own cooking since their parents died.

The other bloke studying a fistful of cards is an old friend of yours, Leading Naval Airman Joseph Armstrong, who was on leave when we hit your home town.

We found them playing cards, so we thought a picture of them

in the old home would give you an idea of the games the three brothers will play once more when everybody comes home again.

Your brother Tom doesn't go down the mine any more. He had an accident to his hand, but although he's fit again they thought he couldn't wield a pick-axe very well. And the other day they took his height and

weight and full particulars at the Labour Exchange, so he's wondering what kind of job they're going to find for him.

Both your brothers are still "going to the dogs"—attending the dog races, we mean—but they can still lose money cheerfully. Anyhow, they are both fit and well—and have some plans already for celebrating your home-coming.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first

to "Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Wangling Words No. 621

- 1. Cut one letter out of a metal and get a male voice.
- 2. Insert the same letter ten times and make sense of: Eoreisintoetaaleofeeseforhisarden.
- 3. What common word has MIN for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The white swam round the plank which I had — in two.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 620

- 1. P(E)A(R).
- 2. Dick did the deed, but decided to deny it.
- 3. LINOLEDum.
- 4. Nave, vane.

JANE

ESTABLISHING RELATIONS

(Continued from Page 2)
and his eyes grew tender. Prudence was as clever as she was beautiful. The delicacy with which she had intimated the fact of the unconscious Mrs. Truefitt's absence on the following evening was beyond all praise. The only depressing thought was that such resourcefulness savoured of practice.

He sat in the darkness for so long that even the proximity of Prudence was not sufficient amends for the monotony of it, and it was not until past ten o'clock that the folding doors were opened and he stood blinking at the girl in the glare of the lamp.

"Quick!" she whispered. Mr. Catesby stepped into the lighted room.

"The front door is open," whispered Prudence. "Make haste. I'll close it."

She followed him to the door; he made an ineffectual attempt to seize her hand, and the next moment was pushed gently outside and the door closed behind him.

He stood a moment gazing at the house, and then hastened back to his ship.

"Seven to-morrow," he murmured; "seven to-morrow. After all, there's nothing pays in this world like cheek—nothing."

He slept soundly that night, though the things that the second engineer said to him about wasting a hard-working man's evening would have lain heavy on the conscience of a more scrupulous man. The only thing that troubled him was the manifest intention of his friend not to let him slip through his fingers on the following evening.

At last in sheer despair at his inability to shake him off, he had to tell him that he had an appointment with a lady.

"Well, I'll come, too," said the other, glowering at him. "It's very likely she'll have a friend with her; they generally do."

"I'll run round and tell her," said Catesby. "I'd have arranged it before, only I thought you didn't care about that sort of thing."

"Female society is softening," said the second engineer. "I'll go and put on a clean collar."

Catesby watched him into his cabin, and then, though it still wanted an hour to seven, hastily quitted the ship and secreted himself in the private bar of the Beehive.

He waited there until a quarter past seven, and then, adjusting his tie for about the tenth time that evening in the glass behind the bar, sallied out in the direction of No. 5.

He knocked lightly and waited. There was no response, and he knocked again. When the fourth knock remained unanswered his heart sank within him and he indulged in vain speculations as to the reasons for this unexpected hitch in the programme.

He knocked again, and then the door opened suddenly, and Prudence, with a little cry of surprise and dismay, backed into the passage.

"You!" she said, regarding him with large eyes.

Mr. Catesby bowed tenderly, and, passing in, closed the door behind him.

"I want to thank you for your kindness last night," he said humbly.

"Very well," said Prudence; "good-bye."

Mr. Catesby smiled. "It'll take me a long time to thank you as I ought to thank you," he murmured. "And then I want to apologise; that'll take time, too."

"You had better go," said Prudence severely; "kindness is thrown away upon you. I ought to have let you be punished."

"You are too good and kind," said the other, drifting by easy stages into the parlour.

Miss Truefitt made no reply, but, following him into the room, seated herself in an easy chair and sat coldly watchful.

(To be concluded to-morrow)



JOAN LESLIE

EIGHTEEN years an entertainer is the proud record of Joan Leslie. Born in Detroit on January 26th, 1925, she was christened Joan Brodel, and at the age of two was appearing with her two sisters, Mary and Betty, in a vaudeville act.

When she was five, Joan joined her sisters in a dancing act, and they appeared in theatres and night clubs all over Canada and the United States.

When the sisters were playing in New York, Joan was spotted by a talent scout, and away she went to Hollywood. Warner Bros. changed her name to Joan Leslie, gave her an intensive course in dramatic training, and announced her ready for her first screen part.

She played in several films before landing the lead opposite Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York." She was then sixteen, and the film "made" her. Since then she has had roles in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," "The Sky's the Limit," and "Thank Your Lucky Stars," among others.

Joan stands 5ft. 5in. in height, has auburn hair and hazel eyes. She has to watch her figure, says her mother, but she needn't worry—there are lots of submariners willing to do that job!

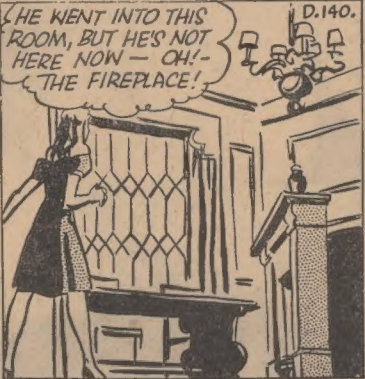
DICK GORDON.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

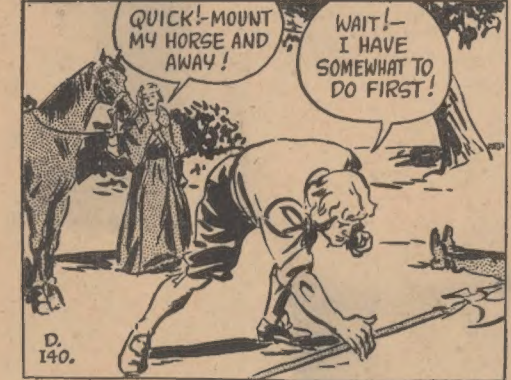
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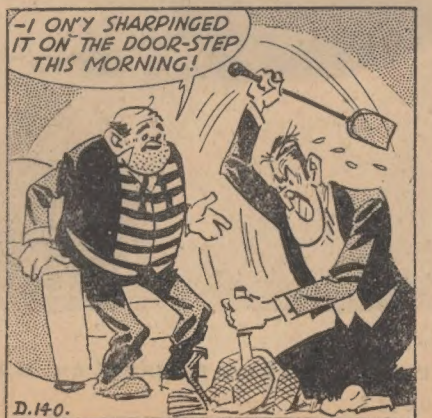
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



- CLUES ACROSS.—2 Mendi-cants. 9 Coral reef. 11 Spear. 13 Bird. 14 Stunt. 15 Equip-ment. 16 Copy. 18 Part of theatre. 19 Always. 22 Neat. 23 Guiding strap. 26 Grace. 29 Former. 31 Republic. 32 Perch. 33 Stranger. 35 Level. 37 Put rubber band on. 38 Body of type. 39 Italian port.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Garment. 2 Rowed for pleasure. 3 Moose. 4 Shine. 5 Tree. 6 Untrained. 7 Bite. 8 Adroit. 10 Insignifi-cantly. 12 Censure. 17 Prods. 20 Cereal. 21 Space of time. 24 Make certain. 25 Lower. 27 French Monday. 28 Ship's spars. 29 Cereal. 30 Soil. 34 Ever poetically. 36 Large number.

Good
Morning



GLAMOUR GALORE.

Meet a bunch of gorgeous Goldwyn Girls, boys. They've just finished making "Up in Arms"—and have acquired quite a liking for the situation. Think you could do something about it?